

Why I Should and Should Not Leave My Dorm

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Gamagoori, with the continued pressure from friends, finally takes his head out of his studies and books and joins one of the biggest parties on campus to pass the time he can't spend working on schoolwork. Once there, he had his reason why he shouldn't do things like this, and finds the one reason why he should do this way more often.

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Reason 1: Forced Interactions

"Tonight's the big party, and where is Gamagoori, as fucking predicted? Sitting in his dorm room, shoving his nose into a textbook and completing unneeded extra credit and being the biggest teacher's pet on the planet." Nonon moaned, stretching out in her rolling chair. Inumuta looked over his laptop's screen, chuckling under his breath.

"What did you expect, Jakuzure? He's trying to get an advance on his double major, so he's spending every minute of free time working."

Nonon moved her rolling chair away from her desk. "I say it's time for an intervention. We're getting him out of the room, tonight."

Inumuta smirked, pulling his jacket collar up. "Hack into his computer, force him out?"

Nonon grinned. "Make it happen, four eyes."

He adjusted his top as he looked in the mirror, trying to shake the unnecessary thoughts against his only option now. With his computer down, holding his only connection to his assignments, and the contents of his books blurring at every line in their usual monotonous collection of reread plots, he was left with nothing to do. Sleeping this early would be out of the question, changing his body's clock too much for him to fix within a single night.

So, on the recommendation and pressure from Nonon, he was going out, partly against his will, to the biggest party on campus for the past fourteen years. The Heist, a dorm-wide party held in K Hall, closest to the criminology and science halls, boasted the best accommodations, the finest alcohol including foreign drinks, and sported the biggest peer pressure event to ever come to campus

since the Freshman initiation ritual of locking them in the biology labs.

Knowing that he had no way of avoiding the countless girls who thought he would be interested in them, he picked up his phone and quickly sent a text to his one lifeline in hopes she would join him. After hitting send and sending a short thought to any high power to keep him calm, he picked up his wallet and keys, and walked out of the dorm room, making his way out of the C Wing Dorm Halls and toward the obvious sound of the party, overheard through the silent campus.

By the time the sun finally fell behind the horizon, ten minutes into his hike across campus, he made it to the K Hall, lights and partying students visible everywhere as heavy bass music pounded in his ears, even from afar. How this party has survived continuing for fourteen years, much less a night, still boggled him. He could only assume safely that the college cancelled late night classes, or the hosts had permits or permission to do this much like a fraternity would without a single word. He could bet also on keeping the cops far from the rowdy people despite the illegal activity and alcohol sometimes showing up.

Over the outrageous amount of people yelling, hollering, cat-calling, and music basically blowing apart the ears of about two hundred people, he could hear Nonon screech about his appearance, and he knew that tonight would be the longest one in his life. As he finally joined in to the crowd spread around the front lawn of the building, he tried to move quickly, avoiding any conversation or interruption. He was repeatedly poked at by woman who obviously admired him for his body, the alcohol running through their systems pushing for obvious sexual activity.

He escaped with only a few scares, and made his way to the bar where he was immediately jumped into a conversation once more.

"Ira Gamagoori, what a surprise to find you here!"

Amer Daisuke, of course it was. The campus-known flirt of the century with enough sexual championships under her waist put her on the top of the campus' list of woman with the longest lists of men in bed with them. The ebony-hair brain with a sex count too high to remember had tried to bed him since his run with the school's football team, and her advances did not stop even though the season was long over.

"So, what brings Mr. Booksmarts out of the woods?" she asked, twirling a strand of hair between her fingers blankly, her other hand reaching for her martini glass. He pushed the conversation back enough for him to order a beer, and waited until after he took a long swig to answer her, the alcohol buzzing through his blood.

"I decided to take a break from my studies, and a close friend of mine reminded me that the Heist happened tonight."

Amer took a drink, and adjusted her spot on the bar so she was leaned closer to him, but respecting, at least for now, his personal space. "Glad to see your face unobscured by books. You should do this more often."

Another quick swallow of beer went down the pipes, and Gamagoori knew he would need another soon. "Perhaps, maybe I could if parties like this kept happening."

Amer smiled, eyes travelling over him briefly. "I could arrange that for you, if you'd be willing to spend a night at my apartment for it."

Gamagoori covered the blush on his face with the quick intake of alcohol, finishing the bottle off. Amer ordered his beer against his protests, her hands lingering on the neck of the bottle as she handed it to him. Her blatant attempts of hitting on him were making his situation incredibly uncomfortable, and in his position had no way to get away without statistically starting a scene he did not want to start.

He continued his awkward, rather forced talk with her, dodging what he could as best he could, until a hand touched his shoulder, and his solution finally arrived.

"Sorry I'm late, Ira! Had to finish a quick assignment before I could leave!"

Gamagoori softly smiled, relief flooding his senses. "I'm glad you could make it, Mankanshoku."

"Mako. I've told you twenty times, and I've kept count, this semester to call me Mako!"

Mako Mankanshoku, the darling child of the college's disciplinary committee and the school's underground street fighting champion for two weeks. Although she trailed behind him by two years, she had caught up schooling-wise incredibly fast, now taking classes here as well as working under Satsuki as a unregistered home physician despite lack of official training and schooling. Her work ethic and resolve shone brighter than her smile when she let it shine, and it made him incredibly proud to see her take a similar mantle he did in high school.

She had grown a bit after he left for college, now taller than before. Sporting longer, firm legs, longer hair, and her usual puppy eyes that could melt the school's rough football coach, she was the same enthusiastic, fierce Mako with an improved, adult body. One that Gamagoori would not deny it's share of praise from all genders.

Mako gestured to the bartender, but Gamagoori intercepted her, ordering her usual strawberry daiquiri and offering to buy her drinks for the night. She agreed, but put enough money for the both of them on the table to pay for it. Amer cleared her throat and caught their attention, although her stare burned into them like liquid fire. Mako eyed him with an amused glint before looking back at Amer.

"Who's your friend, Gamagoori?"

Mako walked up beside him, setting a hand on his shoulder to calm him. "I'm surprised you didn't recognize me, Amer! I'm Mako, you know... the girl who beat your most recent lover in contact sparring."

Amer hissed softly under her breath, but it did not go unheard, causing the duo before her to start chuckling.

"Forgive her rudeness, Amer," Gamagoori recovered, looking hard at Mako hoping that she got the message, "This is Mako, a close friend of mine."

"Yep!"

"I see," Amer murmured, "So, is it alright if I steal you away for the night, let her have her fun since she obviously came here late and hasn't tried anything yet."

Gamagoori shifted in his spot, knowing that this was her biggest attempt so far, Mako looking up at him and smiling. With her reassurance, he gathered up his confidence, and replied in a calm way.

"I rather not, Amer. I would like to spend some time with Mako, seeing that I haven't spoken to her in a while."

Amer calmed and acknowledged the denial of any more advances, stood up without a word, set a pre-written number near Gamagoori's bottle, and walked off calmly as if their conversation never happened.

"I think she realized that this fish wasn't ever taking the bait." Mako said once the silence settled, chuckling as she took a sip of her drink. Gamagoori sighed in great relief.

"Thank you, Mako. I thought she wouldn't take the cue that I was getting uncomfortable with her flirting."

Mako chuckled. "I thought you would have said no already."

"I couldn't without starting a scene. I've seen her do the same with a few unlucky others who denied her outright to her face."

Mako blew a raspberry. "Good thinking then! Her outbursts can get rather wild. So, you actually do want to spend time with me tonight?"

Gamagoori couldn't tell if his blush was from the alcohol or not, but it helped calm him when he realized that he had the night with her. With the warmth of alcohol in his gut, and his thoughts cleared and easy to read, his answer had no hesitation.

"Absolutely."

"That's the alcohol talking and you know it!"

"A bit, nothing's blurry yet. Maybe I like talking to you like this. Would you like it if I said no and went back to my dorm?"

Mako's smile dropped for a moment before coming back tenfold. "No, so here's to a night you probably won't remember!"

Gamagoori rose his drink with Mako, cheered with her, took one more quick drink before acting on the biggest impulse suddenly pushing him to act. He ordered a few more beers and lead Mako away from the bar and to one of the private booths opened.

"So you are trying to seduce me, I knew you had feelings for me." Mako cooed, starting another red blush blossoming Gamagoori's face.

"I-I do not, how absurd!"

"There you are, out of the alcohol storm. You totally like me."

"Mako!" Gamagoori snapped, only proving to her more his hidden infatuation. Mako laughed in her hand, brushing away tears.

Mako giggled away the last of her laughter, setting her drink down and settling into the leather seats, eyeing Gamagoori. She knew she

didn't have the greatest tolerance for the substance, so she knew she was already tipsy. She gently grabbed his free hand, smiling when his blush-covered face looked at her.

"Promise you'll help me out if I vomit or pass out?"

Gamagoori smiled, his hand curling around hers. "Of course. Will you do the same for me?"

"Without a second's hesitation."

Gamagoori raised his beer once again. "To you, Mako, for saving me from a night of horrors."

Mako raised hers. "To you, for inviting me and giving me the opportunity to do this."

She scooted over to him and quickly kissed his cheek, her blush blooming across her cheeks. Gamagoori shuddered and stopped her from moving, giving the kiss back. With alcohol swimming in his system, he couldn't comprehend what he did entirely, but he knew it felt right to do it.

"Ira..."

"I really am going to regret tonight, I know it."

Mako chuckled and smiled softly, scooting up against him. "Okay, Ira, but for now enjoy it. Do I get any more kisses tonight?"

Gamagoori turned away, and tried to fight his embarrassment. "M-maybe..."

Reason 2: Drunken Adventures

Gamagoori figured he would end up in this situation. Although he didn't hold his liquor well, Mako held hers like a brand new drinker. By four drinks down, she was face down on the table, wondering when snacks were arriving and trying to get him to constantly kiss him, which in theory did not bother him but it was embarrassing as hell seeing that they were not an item. People kept on taking pictures of them when they thought he wasn't looking, and he knew gossip would be on high alert come morning even with most of the campus hungover.

He wasn't faring entirely well with his alcohol, not entirely drunk like Mako, but close to it. He faired much better under the influence of alcohol, being able to retain most of his ability to walk, interact, and speak without coming off as obviously drunk, but he had his moments where he could not control his muddled mind.

What hurt even more so was when Ryuuko found them in their cozy private booth, and blamed him for how she was when in fact she decided to drink with him.

"Ryuuuuko! Ira didn't get me drunk, I gots me drunk! He didn't want to be alone so I joined 'im and drank a little."

Ryuuko stood her ground. "You're slurring so heavily I can barely make you out, how many drinks did you have?"

Mako held up three fingers. "Two."

"Five." Gamagoori corrected, "I did not know how tolerant to alcohol she was, so I let her continue to drink."

"You're speech isn't faring well either, Gamagoori." Ryuuko scolded, taking the drink in his hand away and quickly drinking it against

Gamagoori's protests seeing that he paid for the drink and lost the three dollar beer to a heavy drinker.

"I know it's not, things are getting blurry but I think I can hang... hang in there at least until I can escape."

Mako slung herself across him. "Let me stay, please, Ryuuko? Gama can still walk and stuff, he can walk me home to his dorm. You're stayin' here too right?"

Ryuuko chuckled softly, her parent aura sliding off just enough for comfort. "I guess so, but if I find out, Gamagoori, that you took advantage of her like this, I swear to my foot, it's going up your ass so far, you'll be studying on how to get my shoe out of your lower intestine."

Gamagoori looked offended, his face twisting in horror. "Why would I ever *think* of doing such a disgusting thing as taking advantage of an incapacitated woman? Do you really see me as some insolent, disgusting rapist who can't control his sexual urges?"

Ryuuko took his empty glass, waving it toward him. "Making sure you were still there under that cloud of alcohol, but I am dead serious; try anything, get some surgery books out because the boot be going up your anus."

Gamagoori nodded, softly pushing Mako off of him. "Understood, Matoi."

"Ryuuko, I'm out of cash, can you order me another drink? Something strong this time, like straight vodka!"

Gamagoori and Ryuuko turned on her in unison. "Absolutely not, you're already drunk."

Mako groaned, not agreeing with her friends decision to cut off her alcohol tap, but she changed her interest as she dove for the food

suddenly heading toward their way, inhaling the pile of deep-fried french fries without a second's hesitation.

Ryuuko looked back at Gamagoori. "Just keep her safe, seeing that I'll be getting hammered okay? She deserves some 'get loose' time. Just make sure she's safe."

Mako snuggled up to Gamagoori again as Ryuuko left, sighing softly into his arm. "Ira?"

"Hm?"

"Do you want to go back? We both know that if we stay any longer, I won't be awake and neither will you."

Gamagoori smiled. "Your intelligence is showing, but yes I agree with you. We should get out of here."

Mako giggled, hiccuping once before looking up at him and kissing his nose. "I can be funny when I'm drunk!"

Gamagoori sighed and shimmied out of the booth, helping Mako out as she stumbled out and against him, her hands digging into the thin material of his shirt. Although immediately flustered, Gamagoori controlled his actions even with the haze of alcohol clinging to him, and helped lead Mako out of the party hall and into the cool night. Mako clung to him as they walked down the steps together, Mako giggling about something he was doing. He knew his steps were not even, and he swayed time to time as they walked. He couldn't stop himself from smiling down at her the entire walk, happy at least that he had this time with her.

"Hey, hey Gama... can we stop for a moment?"

He stopped alongside the dark of a silent dorm, about five minutes out from his dorm. Within the dark shade of the green area lay a candle-lit gazebo, the school's tribute to the student's lives and prosperity. Mako jogged out of sight without another word, her

retching pointing Gamagoori through the dark to her side as she expelled what little she ate against the base of a tree strung with lights.

"Fries don't taste nice a second time." Mako moaned as she leaned on the tree she puked on, Gamagoori helping her stay out of the pile of regurgitated mess.

"It's okay, M-mako..."

Mako was instantly back on her feet, at Gamagoori's side. "Are you okay, feeling okay?"

"You only needed to puke?" Gamagoori questioned as leaned against the tree behind him, his head suddenly pounding, his mind blurring more than usual. Mako shook his shoulders, and slowly put him on his butt against the tree. Mako, now with a clearer mind, sat in front of him as his eyes showed signs of unfocus.

"I think the alcohol finally hit full force." Mako noted, putting her hand under his chin. He looked at her uncertainly, but smiled.

"I-I think so too. You're blurry around the edges." Gamagoori told her, poking at her nose, "So is this, and your forehead..."

Mako giggled as Gamagoori poked several places, his fingers shaking as he moved around his face. He pulled her closer with a tug on her arm, and she fell off her knees into his lap.

"And your lips are blurry as well."

Mako gasped as he pulled her closer, his lips touching hers delicately, the kiss lighter than she expected. She leaned into it as he brought her close, but drew away once his kiss got deeper.

"I just puked, and we're drunk, we shouldn't do this."

Gamagoori struggled against the vices of his alcohol-swarmed mind, his hands hovering around her. She could see the true Ira come

through, and he scrambled to get her off him, and to apologize for his wrong actions. He looked ashamed and disgusted with himself, and Mako didn't like that look on him. She lifted his fallen head again, gently running her index finger along his jaw.

"You're forgiven. C-come on, let's get home so we can actually think rationally, 'kay?"

Gamagoori smiled and leaned into her hand, his left cupping the hand on him. "It's a plan then. Can you, um... can you help me up?"

Mako nodded and made her way under one of his arms. "Come on, big drunk guy. Let's make our drunk way to your place. Do you have sugar at home?"

"I'll check when we get there, hopefully."

Mako sat comfortably in a mound of a blanket, smiling as she ate away at a blue-frosted cupcake. The walk back to his dorm was a wild one, seeing that Mako had to puke once more and she did not so secretly. She felt partly bad for the cleaning man who had to clean up her barf in the middle of the courtyard of his building.

After finally reaching his dorm, and stumbling inside without puking, falling, kissing (for the most part), or hitting anything, they settled in, got comfortable, and snacked down on junk food Gamagoori had hidden for special occasions. She was dressed in her under-the-skirt shorts and one of Gamagoori's borrowed short-sleeved shirts, but she was rather comfy in the loose clothing. Gamagoori sat up with her on the other end of his bed, facing her as he chomped down on his second cupcake.

"So are we just... to eat sugary stuff the rest of the night and then sleep away the next day?" Gamagoori asked, swallowing a mouthful of sugar. Mako nodded quickly, and adjusted her blanket.

"Sounds like a plan! Besides, I never get enough sugar because Ryuuko always locks it away... she big meanie."

"She cares about you, Mako. She probably did it to make sure you stay on top of school."

Mako pouted. "Stay drunk, I'm still drunk!"

Gamagoori snorted. "I am still drunk, you're still blurry and I'm doing this!"

Gamagoori crawled up to Mako and took her by the lips, kissing her fully. Mako squeaked but did not push him away, setting what was left of her sweets down and kissing him back, one hand keeping her up as the other wound around his neck and into his hair. They could taste the tinge of alcohol and the overwhelming power of sugar. They pulled away as their lungs ached for air, but they immediately went for it again, but only for a brief moment.

"I hope I remember this when I wake up." Mako murmured as Gamagoori settled back on his behind, closer now to Mako.

"I hope so as well."

Mako giggled and finished off her cupcake, curling up within her borrowed blanket. "Question time!"

Gamagoori finished his cupcake off and settled against the wall. "Shoot."

"Where do I sleep?"

Gamagoori immediately blushed. "W-well not on the floor, absolutely not. There's only this bed... and my couch but..."

Mako crawled up closer, her eyes blinking innocently as her face lit up in a light blush. Gamagoori sputtered on his breath, his blush growing. Mako poked at his cheeks as she gasped in breath.

"But...?"

Gamagoori swallowed audibly. "But... you can sleep with me, on the bed, i-if you want to stay for that fact..."

Mako jumped on his shoulders, giggling into his neck. "I would love to sleep with you... b-but only sleep, not you know- sexual sleeping, and I'm making this sound horrible, oh my god!"

Gamagoori laughed, and Mako's embarrassment disappeared. She had never heard him laugh so... purely before, and it was beautiful. She sat amazed as he laughed at her play of words, and went silent once he noticed her staring at him with wonder.

"What's wrong?"

Mako looked away. "Y-your laugh... it's really... amazing, and perfect."

Gamagoori smiled. "Thank you, Mako."

"You look sleepy."

"You look the same. Um... s-shall we?"

Mako threw her blanket over Gamagoori, pulling the edges so he fell closer to her. "Let's go, you, it's bedtime!"

Gamagoori braced himself, his hands beside Mako. "Wait, Mako..."

"Hm?"

"This... has been amazing, and even though we're drunk still and my words may not even be remembered... but I really do like you, Mako."

Mako grabbed his hand as he reached for her, the other running through her hair briefly.

"I hope we remember this, otherwise I'll... we'll never be able to get this close again... not with the way I intent to study and work until I graduate."

Mako crawled up into his lap, not bothering with asking and simply curling up within his embrace. With quick movement and an uneasy turn around, Gamagoori stretched out on the bed, Mako still curled up into his side, their shared blanket throw haphazardly over their legs. Mako scooted up closer to his chest as he moved to his side, adjusting one arm under Mako's head to let her use it as a pillow, and draped the other over her.

"Let's hope we always remember this then. No matter what."